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## Longfellow's New Poem.

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,  
On board of the Cumberland sloop-of-war;  
And at times from the fortress across the bay  
The alarm of drums swept past,  
Or a bugle-blast

From the camp on shore.

Then far away to the South arose  
A little feather of snow-white smoke,  
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes  
Was steadily steering its course  
To try the force of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,  
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;  
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,  
And leaps the terrible death,  
With fiery breath,  
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight  
Defiance back in full broadside!  
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,  
Rebounds our heavier hail  
From each iron scale  
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,  
In his arrogant old plantation strain.  
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;  
"It is better to sink than to yield!"  
And the whole air pealed  
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,  
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!  
Down went the Cumberland all a wreck,  
With a sudden shudder of death,  
And the cannon's breath  
For her dying grasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,  
Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.  
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!  
Every waft of the air  
Was a whisper of prayer,  
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!  
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream,  
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,  
Thy flag that is rent in twain,  
Shall be one again,  
And without a seam!

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

## About "Liedertafeln."

A CHANCE DIALOGUE.

(From the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*).

(Concluded from page 205).

Now I am very curious to learn how you will establish your last objection to the Liedertafel system. If you have not thoroughly convinced me of all that you have said. . . .

"If this and that have got a foothold in your mind, I am content."

. . . . Yet I confess that you go to work very diplomatically with me. So you make the

Liedertafeln ruin throats, undermine good taste completely, flatter vanity and poor virtuosity:—how, I ask, can all that injure the mixed chorus? Does it prevent one person from entering it, if he pleases? Need he sing any the worse in it, or introduce worse things into it, or transfer his vanity to that arena?

"You say that I speak diplomatically. Say rather: systematically. I constantly deduce what follows from what precedes, and just so here.—When vanity has once pushed its way to the foreground and made itself the main thing, it undermines all nobler strivings and reduces them to a hankering for mere empty glitter. How shall the zest sustain itself for sucking by little and little, and with much pains, the genuine honey from the flowers, when the public offers it to them ready made, and none the less sweet, in full sparkling cups? A genuine *Liedertäfler* (one who is so *ex professo*) is never—I speak from experience, my dear friend—a genuine chorister in a mixed choir at the same time. His taste for that is spoiled. How many musical natures I have known, who boasted of their enthusiasm for music, which never would allow them to miss an hour at their Liedertafel (and it was so); and if there came a request to them to take part in a mixed chorus, they repented and withdrew immediately or after a few irksome trials with yawning mouths! Indeed was it not one of the North German Liedertäflers (such a thing could hardly happen in our Southern Germany), who—a splendid Tenor, of the purest ear, taking every thing at sight—confessed with the most perfect *naïveté*: That he knew some things of Verdi, he had sung the Quintet from *Lucia*, the part of Arnold in "Tell" and various things from Meyerbeer; but of Mozart's operas not a note—you look at me inquiringly? it is a fact!—not a note had he ever seen or sung; but all the first tenor part in the collection called *Orpheus*, all of it at least which he had sung, he knew *verbatim* and by heart."

Monstrosities, my friend! Pyramidal monstrosities; sheer sportsmen's stories! How can you wish to cite such an anomalous example as proof?

"Not as proof; only as an example. As an example showing how one may be a Liedertäfler half his lifetime, and a good Liedertäfler, and yet a barbarian in all the rest of music. Show me a similar example of a singer in a mixed choir, one who has a musical nature (like my man), and who has taken part in it for years, and—I will strike my flag."

That will not be in a hurry, so far as I know you. But I will take it home and think about it. Meanwhile you owe me one thing more to-day.

"And that is. . . .?"

The relation of male part-singing (I interrupted you, when you were about to speak of it before) to musical art generally.

"Good. If I can only succeed in hitting upon the right word at once. But first, to make it easier, a word from Vischer, the writer on

Æsthetics; I have it at my tongue's end, having dictated it to a friend yesterday. 'A limitation of music,' says Vischer, 'to one or another region (low or high), the exclusion, for instance, of the higher voices from song, . . . brings a uniformity into the tone material, which can only hinder the free movement of music. If our most recent times in the violent and unnatural screwing up of song to shrill and chirping high tones, have gone to an inexcusable extreme, since the old ordinary compass of the tone-system really afforded room enough to music of soul and meaning for the most manifold differences and contrasts of pitch; so on the other hand it is bad if this room be not actually used; for only so does music acquire color and contrast, life and variety.—"It is no contradiction to this, if the same writer in another place, speaking of *Semi-chorus*, extols the male chorus as particularly suited to bring what is great and powerful before the mind, and if along with this powerfulness he also praises in it the more pronounced and telling unity of a collective mood.' For he goes on to say, if I remember rightly: 'Of course this diversity of higher and lower regions of tone must not come in play in every single composition; it belongs to the very variety of musical forms, that there shall be also pieces, which move within narrower limits, and even within a very few tones, in order to express repose, forbearance, or the like; but'—and now comes the main point—'such pieces can form only a single and subordinate kind of music, which far more gains its peculiar animation, power and fullness in the contrast, the alternation, the mutual response, the working together to a perfect whole of all the different domains of the voice.'"

Your memory is unsurpassable, and I only wish that mine enabled me to confront you with similar citations and authorities in support of the opposite opinion. But your *own* view, your own!

"I used the word of the æsthetical philosopher partly to complete my own, and partly by way of introduction to what I have to say. I recognize the male part-song, then, 1. as a part of the collective vocal body, co-working, alternating, also occasionally for a short time appearing independently; 2. wherever it represents its own sex, as in hunters' choruses (like horns), choruses of warriors, &c.; 3. for humorous purposes, comical, especially, where, as I said before, even counterpoint is in its place; finally, 4. by itself independently, but accompanied by a portion or the whole of the orchestra, which forms the complement to it. But I do not accept it, 1. where it undertakes to represent the individual, as in subjective lyrical effusions, love songs and the like; or 2. where it oversteps its limits, striving to embrace the whole field of four-part harmony, crowding the vocal compass down into the limited sphere of the lower chords, while it renounces the natural range of its own voices (the middle one) and drives its two outer voices (the highest and the lowest) as widely as possible apart.

"This view is in harmony with a leading principle of instrumentation, which holds good in all times and places. If you look into the doctrine of instrumentation—whether in the live green tree of our classical composers, or in the grey theory—you find the following comprehensive rule: "The higher up in the scale, the more compactly may you set your harmony; the lower down, the more openly and lightly must you set it." Why? The more rapid vibrations of the higher tones allow the ear easily to discriminate the difference between them, however close together they may lie; whereas to the same ear the slow vibrations of neighboring low tones run together and become confused. Indeed Nature herself has already demonstrated this rule *ad hominem* in the unstopped, or so-called natural tones in horns and trumpets.—The application to the male part-song (in more than two parts) you will easily make yourself. With only two parts there is room enough for the open mode of writing; three contract the field considerably; but with four the lower story is shoved down so deep, that frequently a mere rumbling comes out of it, instead of any intelligible harmony. Such things may serve for practice, just as I make no complaint if four bassoons go through their studies together (even in Quartets). But whole productions of many such pieces one after another drive me to despair, to say the least.

"To sum up the whole result: In the world of Art, for Art, I assign to the unaccompanied male part-song only a place *subordinate* to the full range of voices; but to every other special kind—except the stringed Quartet, which by its rich and not one-sided character of tone, and by its compass, has power to represent the universal—a *co-ordinate* position. It was never born to be a peculiar kind of music to be cultivated by itself (nor was the female chorus). Nor is it justified in putting on such great and swelling airs, and strutting round upon the sham Cothurnus of an artistic, musical self-consciousness.—One other justification, on the other hand, I will not deny it; to be sure, it is not a particularly artistic or musical stand-point; but it carries such weight, that I, with you, should not wish to see it die out,—provided it shall get the better of the weaknesses which I have named."

You grow amiable, my friend! exceedingly amiable!

"I should like to part with you in that state of mind, but at the same time pay proper honor to the truth. This—in fact double—standpoint, which I claim to be peculiar to our much mooted institution, is in the first place of a *social*, and in the next place of a *national* nature. Does it need further explanation? In a large promiscuous assembly, offering too many general and too few special points of contact, where the whole threatens to split up into little single groups, or else, which is worse, where weariness creeps over all, how often will the telling word of a clever speaker, or some startling proposition suddenly create a new life in them, or some bold paradox awaken wit and sharpness; still more so the sudden tuning up of a male part-chorus. Where the German student—be it in his *Kneipe* or in a torchlight procession—lets his "*Gaudeamus igitur*" ring out, or his "*Father Noah*," his "*O Jerum*" and "*Crambambuli*," "*Ca, ça geschmauset*," "*Bekränzt mit Laub*," "*Vom hoh'n Olymp herab*," or even his mere *Burschen drolleries*, like

"*Die Pinschgauer*" and "*Leineweber*" and "*O tempora, O mores*," and hundreds and thousands of the sort; where the trusty family "*Kränzchen*" resounds with "*Des Jahres letzte Stunde*," "*Ich und mein Fläschen*," "*Der Wein erfreut*," and "*Lasset die feurigen Bomben*," finally where the German mechanic's apprentice, with his knapsack on his back, shouts through wood and field his "*O Berlin*, and must I leave thee" and "*Muss i denn*"—there we have something, the like of which is not to be found in any other nation; there I say, is joy, there is life, there (as the proverb says) you may lie down in peace. And so long as that lasts, so long will German heart and German *Gemüchlichkeit* never die out. Nor in the second place will German *nationality* die out. What his "*Parisienne*" and *Allons enfans*" are to the Frenchman, his "*Kong Christian*" to the Dane, his "*God save*" and "*Rule Britannia*" to the Englishman; that the German has in his "*Das deutsche Vaterland*," together with his hundreds upon hundreds of genuine people's songs, from the Rheingau to the Pomeranian shore, from the Tyrol to Westphalia; and if in Schleswig-Holstein nothing kindled up more enthusiasm in its time than Bellman's "*Schleswig-Holstein*" sung by men's voices, it certainly was not the music—which is dreary, even tedious—but it was the right word in the right time, it was the "sea-girt nation" in the garb of music, which caused a whole region to resound at the same time.

"And even now, while I am improvising all this to you, to my alarm it occurs to me: am I not speaking rather of German Song in general, than the male part-song as a speciality? Am I not unintentionally abandoning all that I sought to save for it? But let us leave to it this glory unimpaired. It is this that has taken possession of all that wealth of song as an Art institution, this that cherishes and propagates it from ear to ear, from province to province. And so it mediates between Art as such and the people, the people as Society, the people as a Nation."

### A Draught for the Particular History of Phonics; or, the Doctrine of Sound and Hearing.

(From LORD BACON'S "Sylva Sylvarum.")

Continued from page 267.

#### SECTION XI.

##### THE DIRECTION OF SOUNDS.

Sounds move in a sphere—that is, every way; upwards, downwards, forwards and backwards, as appears in all instances. Sounds do not, like the rays of light, require to be conveyed to the sense in right lines, though they move strongest in a right line, because such a line is the shortest distance. Hence, a voice on one side of a wall is heard on the other, not because the sound passes through the wall, but archwise over it.

If a sound be stopped and repelled, it goes round on the other side, in an oblique line. Thus, if a bell be rung on the north side of a chamber, and the window of that chamber open to the south, a person within the chamber would think the sound came from the south; and the case is the same in a coach, &c.

Sounds, though they move in a sphere, yet are strongest, and go farthest in the front-line, from the first impulse of the air; and therefore, in preaching, the voice is better heard before the pulpit than behind it, or on the sides, though it stand open. So a piece of ordnance will be farther heard forward from the mouth of the piece, than behind or on the sides.

It may be suspected that sounds move better downwards than upwards. Pulpits are placed high above the people; and when the ancient generals harangued their armies, they had always a mount cast up for them to stand upon. But this may be imputed to the stops and obstacles which the voice meets with in speaking on a level. Yet there seems to be somewhat more in it, for perhaps spiritual species, both visible and audible, move better downwards than upwards. It is strange that to men standing upon the ground, others upon the top of St. Paul's, seem not only much less but cannot be known; whilst to those above the persons below seem not so little, and may be known; though all other things to them above seem somewhat contracted and better defined, or collected into figures. So knots in gardens show best from an upper window or terrace. But to make an exact trial, with regard to sound, let a man stand in a chamber not much above the ground, and speak out at the window through a trunk as softly as he can to one standing on the ground, the other laying his ear close to the trunk; then let the person below speak in the same degree of softness, and let him in the chamber lay his ear to the trunk; and this may be a proper means to judge whether sounds descend or ascend the better.

#### SECTION XII.

##### THE DURATION OF SOUNDS, AND THE TIME THEY REQUIRE IN THEIR GENERATION OR PROPAGATION.

After sound is created, as it is in a moment, we find it continues some small time, melting by degrees. And here a great error has prevailed, in taking this to be a continuance of the first sound, whereas it is a renovation; for the body struck has a trepidation wrought in the minute parts, and so renews the percussion of the air. This is evident, because the melting sound of a bell, or string, ceases as soon as the bell or string is touched. And here are too trepidations to be distinguished; the one manifest and local, as of the bell when it is pensile; the other secret, and of the minute parts; yet the local greatly helps the secret one. So likewise in pipes and other wind-instruments, the sound lasts no longer than the breath blows. It is true that in organs there is a confused murmur for a small time after, but this is only while the bellows are falling.

It is certain that the report of ordnance, where many are fired together, will be carried above twenty miles by land, and much farther by water; but then it comes to the ear, not in the instant of shooting, but perhaps an hour or more after, which must needs be a continuance of the first sound, for there is no trepidation to renew it. And the touching of the ordnance would not extinguish the sound the sooner, so that in greater sounds the continuance is more than momentary.

To try exactly the time wherein sound is propagated, let a man stand in a steeple, with a taper, veiled, and let another man stand a mile off; then let the person in the steeple strike a bell, and at the same instant withdraw the veil or blind, that the other at a distance may measure the time between the light seen and the sound heard—for light is propagated instantaneously. This may be tried in far greater distances, allowing greater lights and sounds.

It is generally observed that light moves swifter than sound, for the flash of a musket is seen sooner than the report is heard. And in the hewing of wood we may see, at some distance, the aim lifted up for a second stroke before we hear the sound of the first. And the greater the distance the greater is the anticipation; as in thunder afar off, when the lightning long precedes the crack.

Colours represented to the eye, neither fade nor melt by degrees, but appear still in the same strength; whilst sounds melt and vanished by little and little; for colours participate not of the motion of the air, as sounds do. And it is manifest that sound participates of some local motion of the air, because it perishes so suddenly; for in every division or impulse of the air, the air suddenly restores and reunites itself, which water also does, though not so swiftly.



## SECTION XIII.

## THE PASSAGE AND INTERCEPTION OF SOUNDS.

In experiments of the passage, or resistance of sounds, care must be had not to mistake the passing along the sides of a body, for the passing through a body; and therefore the intercepting body should be very close, for sound will pass through a small chink. But when the sound is to pass through a hard or close body, as a wall, metal, water, &c., the body must be but thin and small, otherwise it utterly damps the sound; whence in the experiment of speaking under water, the voice must not be very deep within the water, for then the sound would not penetrate through.

It is certain that in the passage of sounds through hard bodies, the spirit or pneumatical part of the body itself co-operates, but much better when the sides of the hard body are struck than when the percussion is only internal, without touching the sides. Take, therefore, a hawk's bell, with the holes stopped up, and hang it by a wire, within a glass bottle, close the mouth of the glass with wax, then shake the glass, and try whether the bell will give any sound, or how weak.

It is certain that a very wide arch descending sharp will quite extinguish sounds, so that the sound which would be heard over a wall cannot be heard over a church; nor the sound, audible at some distance from a wall, be heard close under the wall.

Soft and foraminous bodies will deaden sounds in their first creation, for the striking against cloth or fur makes little sound, but in its passage they admit it better than harder bodies; so curtains and hangings do not stop a sound much, but glass windows, if very close, will check it more than the like thickness of cloth.

It is worth inquiring, whether great sounds do not become more weak and exile, in passing through small chinks; for the subtleties of articulate sounds may perhaps pass then unconfused, but magnitude of sound not so well.

## SECTION XIV.

## OF THE MEDIUM OF SOUNDS.

The mediums of sounds are air, water, soft and porous bodies, and in some degree also hard ones; but all of them are dull and inapt, except the air. The thinner air does not convey sound so well as the denser. This appears from sounds in the night and evening, in moist weather and in southern winds; for thin air is better penetrated, whilst a thick air better preserves the sound from waste. But let farther trial be made by hollowing in mists and gentle showers; for dampness, perhaps, will somewhat deaden the sound.

How far flame may be a medium of sound, especially such as are created by air, and not betwixt hard bodies, may be tried by speaking where a bonfire is between; but then allowance must be made for some disturbance in the sound, caused by that of the flame itself.

Whether any other fluids, being used as mediums, propagate sound differently from water, may be easily tried, as by striking the bottom of a vessel, filled either with milk or oil, which, though more light, are more unequal bodies than water.

(To be Continued.)

## How Singers were Paid.

The *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* publishes some statistics connected with the salaries of theatrical artists at the commencement of the last century, which possess an interest even at the present time, when singers are paid as liberally as Archbishops, and twice as well as Prime Ministers or Lord Chancellors. It appears that the Electoral Prince of Saxony—afterwards Elector Friedrich August II.—concluded, at Venice, in the year 1717, the following contracts for the Italian Opera in Dresden, for the space of one year, beginning on the 1st September:

Antonio Lotti, conductor, together with his wife, Santa Stella Lotti, 2,100 louis-d'ors at 5 thalers the louis-d or = 10,500 thalers. Margherita Zani Marucini, second soprano, 4,000 thalers. Lucia Gaggi Bavarini, contralto, 3,000 thalers. Francisco Bernardi Senesino, first male soprano, 7,000 thalers. Varselli, second male soprano, 4,500 thalers. The

tenor, Guicciardi, 3,000 thalers; the poet, Leschina, 1,000; the first bass, 1,000, &c. The violinist, Verocini, 1,200 thalers. These artists were allowed, moreover, a liberal sum for travelling expenses, besides free lodgings, board, fire, and candle; Senesino and Verselli having, in addition to all this, a carriage! The total number of persons engaged at the theatre at the beginning of August, 1719, was as follows:

*Chapel and Chamber Music.*—J. C. Schmidt and J. Dav. Heinichen, conductors, 1,200 thalers each; Volumier, leader, 1,200 thalers; Verocini, violinist, 1,200; Petzold, 450; J. W. Schmidt, 300; and Pantaleon Hebenstreit, (organists), 1,200; Weiss, 1,000; Arigoni, 400; (Violdagambists) and G. Bentley, theorist, 400; seven violinists (one of whom was J. G. Pisendal, with 500 thalers), 2,930; five tenors, 1,168; five violoncellists (three Frenchmen and two Italians), 1,750; three double bassists (one of whom was Personelli, with 800 thalers, and another Joh. Dism. Zelenka, with 400), 1,400; two pianists (one of whom was Pierre Gabr. Buffardin, with 500 thalers), 900; five oboists (one of whom was F. Le Riche, with 2,600 thalers, and another, Joh. Christ. Richter, with 600), 3,080; two French horn players, 640; three bassoonists, 940; an inspector of instruments, 140; a copyist, Joh. Jak. Lindner, 80; a harpsichord tuner, Joh. Heinrich Gräbner, 150; and a servant for the orchestra, 100. Total, 21,820 thalers.

*Italian Opera.*—Conductor, A. Lotti, 9,975 thalers; poet, Stef. Pallavicini, 1,333 thalers, 8 groschen. Female singers, Santa Stella Lotti (see A. Lotti); Marg. Durastanti, 5,225 thalers; Mar. Ant. Laurentini, called Coralli, 2,375; Vittoria Tesi, 2,375; Madelaine des Salvy, 2,000; Livia Constantina, 1,600. Male singers, Francesco Bernardi, called Senesino, 6,650 thalers; Mateo Berselli, 4,275; Guisepp Maria Boschi, 3,325; Francesco Guicciardi, 2,850; Lucrezio Bossari, 1,323 thalers, 8 groschen; two prompters, 320 thalers. Total, 43,636 thalers, 15 groschen.

*Musiciens vocales Français.*—Margh. Prache de Tilloy (dessus-soprano), 400 thalers; François Godefroid Beauregard (*hante contre*, counter tenor), 400 thalers; Pierre Diar (*taille*, tenor), 500 thalers; J. Dav. Droh (*basse*), 600 thalers. Total, 1,900 thalers.

*Comedie Française.*—Ten actors, eleven actresses, and one woman-prompter. Total, 10,866 thalers, 16 groschen. *Danse.*—Dupare, ballet-master, 1,000 thalers; Nic. Corette, under ballet-master, 400; ten male and ten female dancers, 9,433 thalers. Total, 10,833 thalers. *Comedie Italienne.*—Sixteen actors and actresses. Total, 5,333 thalers 8 groschen. Attached to the Italian Opera are—two architects, one with 2,666 thalers, and the other with 960 thalers; six painters, 3,288 thalers; five carpenters, 3,384 thalers; an interpreter, 120 thalers. Total, 10,418 thalers, 16 groschen. *Officials and laborers.* Inspector of the theatre and opera-house, as well as stage painter, Wilhelm Castell, 100 thalers; two French decorators, 166 thalers, 16 groschen each; inspector of the wardrobe, Joh. Fried. Tränkel, 200 thalers; a French draughtsman for costumes, 500 thalers; a tailor for the Opera, 100 thalers; his assistant, 50 thalers; a stage-joiner, 14 thalers; a stage locksmith, 20 thalers. Total, 1,426 thalers, 8 groschen.

*Grand Total of the entire Salary-list:* 106,234 thalers, 16 groschen—a sum which, represented by its equivalent in English sovereigns, Mr. Gye would be only too happy to know would cover one-half of his expenses for the season of 1863.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

\* Joh. Christ Hesse and his wife are not included in the salary list, since they were engaged for only 800 thalers, with 320 thalers for travelling expenses, and 1,000 thalers as a present.

## "Black Tom."

(From the Springfield Republican.)

The remarkable story of this idiot-genius, as some would have us regard him, which is so touchingly told in the November *Atlantic*, is exciting considerable comment from lovers of the curious and marvellous. Although not now for the first time made public, we believe it has never before been presented in the form of a connected narrative. The facts, as stated, are briefly these:

A planter residing in Georgia, Oliver by name, bought in 1850 a negro woman and her boy, then only a few months old. The child was blind and, as was supposed until his seventh year, an idiot, or but little better. He was incapable of comprehending even the simplest conversation, and for successive weeks was completely stupid. But one night in the summer of 1857, Mr. Oliver's family heard the pieces which the young ladies were accustomed to practice upon the piano, played over and over again, and it was ascertained that the pianist was none

other than the little idiot, Tom. This, it is asserted, was the first time that he ever touched a piano, yet the blind boy gave the exercises, etc., he had heard, with great correctness and brilliancy. After this discovery, he played daily, but no instruction was then given him, nor has he since received any. In 1858 and the next year and a half his master took him into the principal southern towns and cities, where he gave concerts and developed new powers. He would extemporize a bass and accompaniment to a melody which he had never before heard, while it was being played to him, and immediately after would play the whole piece correctly—both melody and accompaniment. Some of the pieces that he played in this way were fourteen or sixteen pages in length but illness followed too severe mental exertion of this kind,—for an effort of the mind it must be considered.

A very strange and seemingly inexplicable case, surely. But unless we take the supernatural view of it—which we are not inclined to do—we hope we shall not be called upon to believe impossibilities.—The writer in the *Atlantic* lets it pass for genius. Now a pianist must possess something besides genius to do what this blind black boy is said to have done.—The question in doubt is here a wholly mechanical one. Fingers entirely unused to playing—muscles entirely untrained—can not on the first trial execute well, or execute at all, "difficult exercises," even though guided by all the musical genius the world has ever known. As well expect a youthful Rembrandt to draw elegantly when the pencil is first put in his hand!

The feat of playing an accompaniment to a new melody is not so remarkable as to need special mention, were it not for the statement that it was performed by a child, blind and an idiot to boot. The succeeding performance of the whole of the piece just heard is wonderful as an effort of the memory, and is just as easily understood as Paul Morphy's memorization of the position of chess men on ten boards at the same time, during protracted games.—It seems Tom's powers of memory are not confined to musical matters, as "he can repeat, without the loss of a syllable, a discourse fifteen minutes in length, of which he does not understand a word."—French and German songs too, he sings, and comprehends nothing—in which he is not unlike most of our fashionable singers.

Another point is not a little curious: Tom's mode of fingering is stated to be "invariably that of the schools." Then he shows a very philosophical mind to discover and select the best modes (which is hardly supposable), or he plays as he has been taught—which does not agree with the assertion that he has not been taught. It is impossible that he should always happen to use the correct fingerings; it is something more than haphazard.

The only remaining point upon which the claim of genius can rest—improvisation—is by no means maintained. We have nothing to prove that his extemporization is but a reproduction of the remembered harmonies; or it may be an original succession of chords—cleverly, perhaps, and even remarkably put together for a negro boy of a dozen years, but we cannot believe worthy of being thought an effort of genius. The word is too sacred to be lightly applied. Has not Miss Harding, in ascribing genius to this little negro, crowned her hero (as is her wont) with the affluence of her own poetic temperament? Who can say to how great an extent "Black Tom" is a genius of her own making?

To our mind the story discovers not genius but a memory—extraordinary in the highest degree and in its particular field altogether unparalleled—coupled with perhaps considerably more than the average taste for music. That a person in other respects idiotic can possess such a memory is hardly less strange than that genius should be found amid the same ignoble surroundings. To accept the theory of those who believe in actual spiritual possession, to which Miss Harding may be thought to allude when she speaks of the "demon Tom," is to place insurmountable obstacles in the way of the solution of the problem, while it deprives the boy of all claims to genius. But all speculation, so long as we have only the present imperfect data to reason from, is unavailing so far as tending to any positive conclusion. We dismiss the subject with the hope that these may be secured, and some satisfactory explanation of so great an anomaly given to the world. P.

## Another "Curiosity of Criticism".

The "Church Music" man of the *Sunday Mercury* still keeps laboriously at it, a conscious martyr in the cause. The following is rather subjective, to be sure, and seems to intimate that the heroic "critic"

finds his path beset by unbelievers; but clear as mud is the insight which he gives us into his last topic of the week, the music namely of

#### ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH.

The most unenviable, heart-distressing, and thankless position that was ever held under the sun, by a literary man, is that of a critic.

If the poor critic is gifted with one cubic inch of brains more than his fellows, and ventures to compare the intellectual disparity of the latter with the transcendent weight and value of the former's intellect, he is most justly and naturally placed upon "a par with Mr. Igno Ramus."

There have been so many trite aphorisms given to the world, and they have proved so prophetic and philosophic in their intent and meaning, that the writer of these sketches, although not "an old-fashioned fellow," can see the appropriateness of becoming plagiarist with a quotation "license," and mentioning one or two. Whether those aphorisms be of a sacred or secular character, it is, we trust, unnecessary to say.

Therefore, returning to the first paragraph, in which the burthen of these remarks are concentrated, the "poor critic" is not only questioned why he was born brighter, more gifted, more conceptive—and why his intellectual faculties are more thoroughly and fully developed than those shallow, benighted beings who sit in judgment upon his natural gifts and intellectual acquirements, but he is, in the narrowness of their minds and the meanness of their hearts, considered their equals, and oftentimes their inferiors, simply because their actions and speech are surprising and mysterious to them generally.

Then again, there are so many men in the world who "hath no music in their souls," as Shakespeare says—who pretend to have an idea or judgment of the theme, and who are somewhat intellectual otherwise—that it is almost suicidal to a proficient in the art to contemplate their presumption in expressing their ideas in regard to the matter.

"Would that God the gift give us  
To see ourselves as others see us."

is an aphorism which Burns gives us, and he was a great philosopher. He was born great, and nothing but words of magnitude ever sprang from his lips. He contemplated the assumption and hypocrisy even of the nineteenth century.

In the history of Christendom there has been no work, no matter how inspired or grand the subject or character, that has not been reviewed and criticized, the Bible included.

The criticisms of the present day upon "men, manners, and things," are mere *bon-mots* and *repartees* on the inspiring notices and observations of the men and their effusions of the past.

The ill-spelt, ill-written, and—grammatically speaking—frivolous communications received by the author of "Church Music" sketches, have necessarily led the aforesaid individual into this reverie, and prompted the following brief essay:

Those would be musical connoisseurs take leave to differ with us that Miss Maggie Dash is a better vocalist than Miss Maggie Blank.

Whether or not these very animative creatures know a crochet from a semibreve, they have an idea of music—of course, they have. "Old Dog Tray" is a nice song and better music than the serenade from "Don Pasquale" in their distinguished estimation, and the poor critic must suffer the mental pain and agony of hearing this opinion asserted.

"Old Hundred," the "Doxology," or a "Te Deum," are considered by many to be the conception of greater minds than any thought, work, or execution of Haydn, Mozart, Donizetti, Mendelssohn, Bianchi, Rossi, Schubert, or, in fact, of the one hundred and one immortal names who have electrified the world with their transcendent lyrical compositions, and their instrumental execution.

But "let the galled jade wince," tha "ignorant will prate of what they know not."

We have conscientiously and faithfully endeavored to show the difference between those compositions, and to discuss the relative merits of the artists engaged in their interpretations.

In doing this, we have been questioned by persons who know about as much about the subject upon which we treat as they know about the disposal of the angels in heaven. These questions have been received with an indifference and meekness at once refreshing and charitable. It is enjoyable to read the protests of an old church-choir fossil verging upon half a century of years against a criticism saying that he does not sing as well as he did twenty years ago. Then Madame A, B, or C takes offence because we say she is old, and her voice gradually loses its power and sweetness—because she is not placed in the category with Miss So-and-So.

In passing upon the compositions of the grand masters above-mentioned, and criticising the artistic abilities and vocal excellences of the ladies and gentlemen engaged in giving them life and expression, we may have been at times a little impassioned, or we may have employed a liberal display of adjectives in expressing our appreciation of their efforts.

But we would wish it understood, once for all, that no inducement under heaven, save a conscientious, fair, and honest impression and belief in the musician's merits, ever actuated us to utter a compliment or expression of favor in any one's behalf.

Those people who complain have reason to do so—not because we think so, but because they are incompetent to perform the duties of their offices.

St. Matthew's Church is located on Walker street, between Elm street and Broadway. The foregoing brief essay has absorbed so much of our space that we must refrain for the present from giving particulars relative to this church.

It has its reminiscences and incidents, however, so indelibly impressed upon the dial of time, that to render them worthy of notice, and entitle them to a place in the observations of our travels, it is necessary to be more communicative.

Upon another occasion, and, musically considered a more auspicious one, we shall be happy to revert to St. Matthew's, and speak of the vocalists as we find them.

### The Philosophy of Music.

(From *The Literary Budget*.)

There are few writers on music, though there are many writers about music—that is to say, persons who write concerning what surrounds it, or is more or less distantly connected with it. Any one can write about music who can describe a concert-room, or the dress and appearance of a singer, or who can narrate the plot of an opera or tell an anecdote of its composer. In the same way any one can write about painting, who is able to give an account of the opening of an exhibition, to relate and explain the story illustrated by a figure-painting, or to give biographical particulars respecting some eminent artist. Indeed, a certain German critic is said to have asked, in a paper on Rembrandt's *Ecce Homo*: "An *Deus homo esse potest*?" and having answered this question at prodigious length in the affirmative, to have next inquired "Cur *Deus Homo*?" and thereupon to have broken out into an elaborate essay on the divine incarnation.

Nevertheless, numbers of critics have discussed and do in the present day discuss, painting as an art and pictures as artistic results. Music does not readily admit of such treatment. One may form some idea of what a picture is like from reading a description of it, but who can possibly describe a symphony or sonata so as to convey the impression which the music itself would convey? A critic who has a true feeling for pictorial art, and at the same time possesses great descriptive power, may reproduce a picture in written language so that to a reader who has the eye of an artist it shall be almost visible. A critic who would so wish to reproduce a musical work would have to resort to the more material expedient of transcribing the notes. If he attempts regular description he falls more or less into the ingenious absurdities of the Russian critic, M. Lenz, who in the sonatas of Beethoven sees gad-flies, torrents, volcanoes, and many other wonderful things not visible to the naked eye nor audible to the unassisted ear.

In fact, no one even endeavors to describe music except indirectly by comparing it to something else, which it can only resemble in the very vaguest manner. Those comparisons are by no means objectionable in themselves when they simply proceed from an emotion which the writer feels impelled somehow or other to express, but they are ludicrous when they are employed as descriptive agents. In plain reality, no piece of music is like anything else except some other piece of music, and if a writer really wishes to describe a musical work, all that he can do is to state what school it belongs to, and what particular influence it exhibits, and to give such technical information as to its construction and general form as will convey the same notion of the music as one would have of the poetry of Tennyson's

*In Memoriam* from being told that the poem was written in stanzas of four octosyllabic lines, the first rhyming with the fourth, and the second with the third.

A writer on the philosophy of music has the same sort of difficulties to contend with, which form such serious obstacles in the path of the writer on music as an artistic result—obstacles which the latter, for the most part, knows very well how to avoid, and which, when he is writing for a newspaper, he must avoid, on pain of being stigmatized as a pedant if he does otherwise. The reason why the philosophy of music has been hitherto neglected is, according to Mr. Joseph Goddard, who has just published a very interesting work on the subject,\* that, "with regard to other ministrations of art it does the least with the palatable forms and influences of nature, and is the only one without the faculty of representing them in their natural aspect." Consequently, in tracing its influence, in wandering amongst its array of expositions, we meet with no effect common to other branches of moral demonstration, and with no object of external human interest. And thus the large sphere of suggestiveness which these influences possess is lost in the contemplation of music. Thus, the mind, in the exploration of music, does not arrive at new starting points of thought, but traversing the ethereal stream of sound, glides continuously on its emotional course, undiverted into new channels by the external features of nature."

Mr. Goddard, in his endeavor to explain the nature and meaning of musical effect in the mind, begins by considering the origin of music, and finds that it is "developed from the ordinary materials of language as the blossom is from the substance of the shrub;" that it is the language of passion and emotion in its highest expression, its most rarefied form; or, to continue Mr. Goddard's image, "that it retains the finer attributes of speech as the flower still possesses in its roseate petals the beautiful likeness of the green leaves; and that it loses the mixed and dull sound of ordinary language, and wholly assumes the vesture of melody, as the flower relinquishes the opaque and neutral tints of the plant and beams totally in the dazzling raiment of color."

In the essay termed *Relationship of Music to the other Fine Arts*, the author seeks to explain the essential difference between music and the arts of painting, poetry, and the drama. The latter "convey the natural incentive of emotion first and then the emotion." Music imparts the emotion at once and in a direct manner. This distinction is very marked as between music and painting. To be affected or in any way impressed by a picture it is necessary not only to see it, but to consider it. So to be moved by poetry it is necessary not only to read it or hear it recited, but to understand it and take in all its meaning. With music, however, we are penetrated at once by the mere sound; to hear is to feel. Painting seems to produce its effect more rapidly than poetry in general, but less rapidly than dramatic poetry, which in that respect approaches as nearly as possible to music, the very language of emotion. It would appear, then, that there is no mental pleasure to be derived from listening to music.[?] Nor, in fact, is there; unless, indeed, the mind of the hearer be occupied in following the design of the composer in which case it may be as actively employed as it would be in pursuing a problem in mathematics. This, however, is not the ordinary mode of enjoying music; nor is it with a view to this sort of enjoyment that great musical works are written. The finest music, though its effect may be elevating and ennobling, gives no intellectual gratification, and is none the less important for that. It is not for their intellectual value that either the finest pictures or even the finest poems are esteemed.

There is a point at which human speech may be said to become musical—at least in its effect. A man under the influence of deep emotion expresses that emotion by the tone of his voice as much as by any words he may utter. At the battle of Ulm, Napoleon, who did not speak Ger-

\* *The Philosophy of Music*. (Boosey and Sons).



*Fine.*

**No. 37.**  
*Op. 59. No. 2.*

*Allegretto.*

*Dolce.*

*Cres.* *f*

*Cres.* *ff*

## Chopin's Mazurkas.

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

Dim. *p*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*sf* Ped. \* *sf* Ped. \*

*p* Ped. \*

*ff* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* *sf*

*f*  
*rallentando*  
*A Tempo.*  
*pp*  
*Fine.*

No. 38.

Op. 59, No. 3.

*f*  
*Vivace.*

## Chopin's Mazurkas.

This image shows a page of musical notation for a piano piece, likely from a 19th-century manuscript. The page contains six systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The notation is written in a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Pedal markings ('Ped.') are frequently used, often accompanied by asterisks (\*). Dynamic markings include 'Dim.' (diminuendo), 'p' (piano), and 'Dolce. In tempo.' (softly, in tempo). The piece concludes with a 'Ritornello' section. The notation is clear and well-preserved, with some minor signs of age.



man, harangued some Bavarian troops who did not understand French. They understood him, and were as much inspired by his voice as they would have been by the singing of a national anthem, a song of liberty, or any kind of war-song. Mr. Goddard is probably right in looking upon "tone" in the human voice as the equivalent to "melody" in music, and "emphasis" as equivalent to "phrase." Napoleon's oratory was remarkable both for emphasis and for tone, and it may be said that all impassioned oratory holds a medium position between speech and song. In the instance that we have adduced, Napoleon's address was something between the ordinary discourse of modern general and such a composition as the "Song of Roland" that Taillefer sung at the battle of Hastings. We may add, it is because tone and emphasis cannot be reproduced that speeches which make the greatest effect at public meetings often appear so flat when we read them the next day in the newspapers. "Tone and emphasis" will carry off the most commonplace stuff at a public meeting, and "melody and phrase" will cause downright nonsense to be listened to with delight in an opera.

Mr. Goddard's remarks on the power of music to awaken feeling, and to express several distinct feelings simultaneously, are also very interesting. It has always struck us as one of the great advantages of the operatic drama, that in it not only different and conflicting sentiments can be expressed at the same time, but also that large bodies of men can be made to speak (or sing) as in a crowd, and to take such a part in the action of the play as would be impossible in the ordinary drama. Fancy the great choral scenes in the *Huguenots* or *Masaniello* without the music! They would simply be unactable.

In conclusion, the little book of which we have given a rambling and somewhat unconnected account, is well worth perusing systematically from beginning to end. It is a contribution to a class of literature which numbers very few specimens. We have plenty of books in which the authors treat of composers, singers, and musicians, but very few in which music itself is made the subject.

### Muzio Clementi.

This highly distinguished musician, who may be considered as the father of the piano-forte, was born at Rome, in 1752, it has been stated, though we have good reason to think that this birth ought to have been dated four years earlier. His father worked in silver, as an embosser and chaser of figures and utensils for the service of the church; and he had a relative, Baroni, principal composer at St. Peter's, from whom he received his first instructions in music. At nine years of age he was appointed to an organist's place in his native city! And three years later he composed a mass for four voices. At this time his talents attracted the notice of Mr. Peter Beckford, then travelling in Italy, to whose protection his parents consigned him, and he was taken to the seat of that gentleman in Dorsetshire, where he received the most liberal education; and in the society of a family as much distinguished by literary habits and taste as by wealth, he acquired the love of the belles lettres and of science, which characterized him to the latest period of his life. At eighteen he composed his Op. 2, a work which it is needless to eulogize; and though now attainable by all moderately good players, was, when first published, declared by J. C. Bach, Schroeter, and others of the same order, to be too difficult for them to attempt. Shortly after this he was engaged as accompanist on the harpsichord at the King's theatre. In 1780 he made his first tour on the Continent, visiting nearly all the principal cities of Europe.

In Vienna, Clementi became acquainted with Mozart, with whom he performed before the Emperor, Joseph II., and the grand duke (afterwards emperor,) Paul of Russia, and his consort. On one occasion, when the imperial trio only were present, Clementi and Mozart were desired to play. Some question of etiquette, as to who should begin, arising, the emperor decided it by calling on Clementi, who, after prelude for some time, performed a sonata; and was followed by Mozart, who, without any other exordium than striking the chord of the key, also played a sonata. The grand duchess then said that one of her masters had written some pieces for her which were beyond her powers, but that she should much like to hear their effect; and producing two,

Clementi played one and Mozart the other, at first light. She next produced a theme, on which, at her request, the two great masters extemporized, alternately, to the astonishment and delight of their imperial audience. The plan was evidently premeditated, and hardly fair towards the eminent professors, who were thus surprised into immediate competition. The result, however, was equally honorable to both, between whom existed no unworthy feeling of jealousy, and creditable to them as artists, on whose talents no demand, however unexpected or unusual, could be too great.

During the progress of Clementi's tour, he wrote, in Paris, his Operas 5 and 6, and in Vienna his Op. 7, 8, 9 and 10, and on his return to England published his Op. 11 and 12. In 1783 he made a second visit to the Continent, and returning the following year, printed many other works. In 1800 the house of Longman and Broderip having failed, a new firm was established, at the head of which Clementi placed himself, and there continued till within a short time of his death. In 1802 he went for the third time to the Continent, remaining abroad about eight years. While in Berlin he married his first wife, but had soon to regret her loss in childbed with a son, who reached man's estate, and promised to be the source of much happiness to his father: when, by the accidental discharge of a pistol, his life paid the forfeit of an incautious use of fire-arms.

To dissipate the grief occasioned by the loss of a beloved wife, the widower had recourse to travel, and set out for St. Petersburg; but very speedily left Russia, and proceeded to Vienna, whence he was soon called by the death of his brother, which rendered his presence in Rome necessary. In 1810 he returned to England, and in the year entered again into the matrimonial state. He now published other works, and among them his *Practical Harmony*, in four volumes, and his *Gradius ad Parnassum*, in three.

Clementi was one of the founders and directors of the Philharmonic Society, to which he presented two symphonies, and every season conducted one of the celebrated concerts of that institution. In 1827 the musical profession, as a testimony of affection and respect, invited him to a dinner at the Albion Tavern, and during the evening he was prevailed to sit down to the piano forte, when, choosing a subject from Handel's first organ concerto, he extemporized on it in a manner that proved how little his powers of imagination were affected by time, and excited the wonder of a very numerous company of judges assembled on the memorable occasion.

Clementi died on the 10th March, 1832, after an illness of short duration, though his mind had for some time previous been gradually yielding to the attacks of age. His remains were deposited in the cloisters, Westminster Abbey, the three choirs of London, and a great number of his brother-professors attending to pay the last tribute of respect to so valuable a man, and so eminent a composer.

## Music Abroad.

### Music in Berlin.

(Correspondence London Musical World).

An evening or two ago we had *Fidelio*, with Mad. Köster in the part of the heroine for the last time but one, previous to her retirement. Mad. Köster will be much regretted by a great number of opera-goers, but, alas! all their regret will be in vain. Even supposing Mad. Köster were to continue a member of the company, she cannot "go backwards like a crab" to the days of her youth, and Time would not—*que je sache*—spare her voice for the sake of pleasing the worthy burghers, their wives and families resident upon the banks of the Spree. As the German poet observes in the song: "*Scheiden thut weh*." And yet there is no help for it. We must all take our leave—for a longer or shorter journey, a more or less protracted period—some day or other. Your respected contemporary, the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, refers to Mad. Köster, approaching farewell in the following terms:—"We can scarcely refrain from giving way to the most sorrowful feeling, when we reflect that Mad. Köster, at present the last female representative of the classical opera, is about to part from us forever. After the 'stars' which we have seen flit before us during the last few months, we are compelled to call the loss a truly irreparable one. At all times the number of good female singers has been limited, but never was the prospect of replacing vocal celebrities so mournful as at present. The latest musical works for the stage have helped to lower the art of singing, and, instead of noble vocalism, we have, on the one hand, empty declamatory pathos without invention, or

musical charm, properly so-called, and on the other, voices fatigued by the employment of the most glaring effect, and a practice of wild screeching on the highest notes. For this reason, if for no other, the position of a fair operatic vocalist at our Royal Opera House is one of incalculable difficulty, for the repertory is of the most comprehensive description. In it modern works in every style, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Meyerbeer, the productions of Wagner, Auber, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi have the place they deserve, but the very essence of the repertory still consists of the works of Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, and Weber, and the first thing a fair dramatic singer has to do in Berlin is to know how to animate the various personages in the above operas. The more, however, the style of singing of the present day departs from what is required by these operas, the less prospect is there of finding any one to replace Mad. Köster, who may be regarded as the last singer who has known how to preserve in spotless entirety the traditions of a better time, now passed, as a priestess of the most beautiful and purest religion. On this account—apart from the fact that every artist who leaves us, after having sacrificed to us his or her prime, has the fullest right to our gratitude and our sympathy—our feelings at losing Mad. Köster are especially sorrowful; it seems to us as though we beheld the figures of 'Fidelio,' 'Donna Anna,' 'Iphigenia,' 'Armida,' and the 'Countess Almaviva,' with their faces mournfully veiled and the question trembling on their pale lips:—'Who now will find the greatest source of delight in regarding us as the goal of her artistic efforts?' What we could not help valuing much more than aught else in Mad. Köster, was—as is always the case with really great female artists—her constant progress, her industry, which is never contented with itself, but which is constantly seeking for new materials for study, and, consequently, attains to perfection."

The next opera on the list was Meyerbeer's *Feldlager in Schlesien*. The house was, I need scarcely say, crammed to the very roof. During the course of the performance Mdle. Luca was taken so seriously ill that, though she went through her part somehow or other, she was compelled to omit all her songs in the third act. Following the *Feldlager* came Méhul's *Joseph*, tolerably given by Herr Formes, (Simeon); Herr Krüger Herr Frickel (Jacob); and Mdle. Mik (Joseph); and after *Joseph* came—a fine specimen of autumn weather, damp, uncomfortable and changing. Indeed the weather had such an effect on the personnel of the Opera House that the entire programme of the week had to be changed, save and except as regards the opera of *Oberon*, which retained its place in the bills despite of every adverse circumstance. Mad. Köster was the Rezia, and went through the part with great success. The other characters were well sustained by Mdle. Mik, Herren, Wowsorsky and Krause.

*Le Nozze di Figaro*, otherwise *Figaro's Hochzeit*, was given on the 17th inst., for the purpose of introducing a new Susanne in the person of Mad. Beringer. She must produce a greater impression in future characters if she would be engaged as a permanent member of the company, which I do not much fancy she will be, for at present she is little better than a mere amateur. At any rate, she requires two or three years' training in the country before she will be fitted to appear before a Berlin audience. Her singing was devoid of aught resembling dash or style; her voice, too weak for a large house; and her acting awkward and meaningless in the extreme. Beaumarchais himself would have failed to recognize the gay, sprightly, *petillante* Susanne as impersonated by Mad. Beringer. There must be a fearful dearth of good singing in Germany, or the management of the Royal Berlin Opera House is singularly oblivious of its duties towards the public in introducing to their notice so many incapables as it has lately brought forward, to withdraw immediately afterwards, if better artists are to be procured. Mdle. Luca was the page, Chernbin, a part she plays with charming *naïveté*. She was much applauded throughout, and encored in her romance in B flat major. The other characters were thus cast: Herr Salomon, Count Almaviva; Herr Bost, Bartholo; Herr Wowsorsky, Basilio; Herr Basse, Antonio; and Mdle. Mik, the countess Almaviva. Among the other operas promised was *Le Prophète*, but on account of the onslaught made on the singers by hoarseness and bronchitis, to which I have already referred, we had *Guillaume Tell* instead. Herr Ferenecy again appeared as Arnold, and confirmed the good impression he had previously produced.

Mad. Harriers-Wippen has completely recovered, and will shortly recommence her professional duties. On the other hand, Mdle. Luca is so indisposed that it is feared she will not be able to sing for some time. At Kroll's Theatre the business is very good.

The Operatic troupe of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre are still performing there. I hear that the manager, Herr Engel, has secured the services of Mdle. Trebelli for a night at least, at her approaching visit to Berlin. She will, most probably, sing at a concert got up expressly for her.

I told you, a few weeks since, that the members of the Singacademie were about to give a performance of F. E. Wising's setting of the 129th Psalm ("De Profundis"). They have now fulfilled their intention in a highly satisfactory manner. The performance was under the direction of Professor Grell. That it was perfect, or that there were not here and there certain short-comings, especially on the part of the band, is something I will not attempt to deny; but that such should have been the case is not surprising, when we remember the work is perhaps one of the most difficult to be found in the whole range of sacred music. The choruses on the whole went extremely well, especially the part in E minor. Among the audience, which was most numerous, and comprised the majority of the musical notabilities in Berlin, was Meyerbeer himself, who followed the work most attentively, score in hand, and, at the conclusion, expressed himself highly gratified. The Singacademie has, without a doubt, inaugurated the season most successfully.

The members of the Königl. Kapelle began their winter campaign with a Symphony-Soirée. The room was crowded in every part. The programme comprised a Suite in D (with three trumpets) by Sebastian Bach; Beethoven's Symphony in C major; the overture to *Euryanthe*; and, though last not least, Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor. A new vocal association, under the title of the Neuer Berliner Sängerbund, has been formed from the fusion of Erk's Männergesang-Verein, the "Melodia" and the "Orpheon." Its object is to give concerts for charitable purposes. I wish it every success.

Joseph Fischer, who, from 1810 to 1818 was a celebrated member of the Royal Opera House, has just died at Mannheim, aged 82. He was a basso like his father, Ludwig Fischer, a member of the Berlin company from the year 1788. Joseph Fischer was at one time a great favorite, but fell into disgrace on account of his overweening pride as an artist, and in consequence, left Berlin in 1818. He was accounted in his day the best Don Juan and Figaro on the stage, but was continually getting into trouble through his contempt for all the laws and regulations of the theatre. In Stuttgart he lost his engagement for this reason. On one occasion he was so violent that Count Brühl, the Intendant of the Royal Opera House here, and a very kind, good-natured gentleman, stationed a non-commissioned officer and three men behind the scenes, to carry Fischer off to the prison attached to the theatre—for the Royal singers and actors are, as I have before informed you, subject if needs be, to military punishment—in case the refractory singer does not moderate his conduct. From Berlin Fischer proceeded to Italy, where he was highly successful. For some time he was manager of the theatre at Palermo. He then returned to Mannheim where he made his first appearance on the stage, in 1801. Some twenty years ago, when he was already sixty years old, he still delighted connoisseurs by the beauty of his voice, and the fiery vigor of his style.

COLOGNE.—The first Gesellschafts Concert of the Season, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, took place in the Gürzenich, on Tuesday, 21st October. The following was the programme:

FIRST PART.—Overture to *Oberon*, Weber; Aria, "Der Tod Jesu" Graun, (Herr Jul. Stockhausen); three four-part songs for chorus, without accompaniment ("Liebe," N. Gade; "Saaten grün," Mendelssohn; "Abendlied," Hauptmann); Aria from *Edipe a Colonna*, Sacchini, sung by Herr Jul. Stockhausen; Concerto for violin, Spohr, played by Herr Grünwald; Three songs with pianoforte accompaniment, ("Herbstlied," Mendelssohn; "In der Fremde," Schumann; "Willkommen und Abschied," F. Schubert;) sung by Herr Stockhausen.

SECOND PART.—*Sinfonia Eroica*, Beethoven.

The programme was materially affected by the presence here of Herr Julius Stockhausen, and, in consequence, as an exception to the very praiseworthy custom of former years, did not comprise any grand general performance at the commencement of the winter season. Sacchini's air is fine music, though more lyrical than dramatic. Herr Jul. Grünwald gave a masterly performance of Spohr's Violin-Concerto; his playing was full of vigor and grace. Herr Grünwald has reached a degree of perfection which places him on a level with some of the greatest violinists of the day. The execution of the Overture and Symphony under Hiller's admirable guidance was worthy the opening for the season

of so important a concert-institution as that of Cologne. At the next concert on the 4th November, when Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* will be performed, the chorals will have an opportunity for the display of all its strength, and step beyond the limits of the modest part which fell to its lot on the present occasion.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The playing of Herr Joachim on Monday night at the second (104th) concert will not be easily forgotten by those amateurs who were fortunate enough to hear him. The programme afforded an unusually wide field for the exhibition of his very remarkable talent. In Haydn's quartet, with which the concert began (No. 3, Op. 54), his performance of the *adagio*, not to speak of other movements, reached the ideal of poetic expression; such genuine *singing*, indeed, is too rarely heard from the human voice, much more rarely upon an instrument. His leading of Spohr's double-quartet in E minor, at the commencement of the second part, was one of those well sustained and masterly displays in which the highest intellectual conception goes hand in hand with unerring mechanical address, and obtained from the crowd that filled St. James's Hall a heartier and more unanimous recognition of Spohr's great merits than, original, ingenious, and beautiful as this double-quartet is, was probably elicited till now. The applause seemed even warmer (the attention could not have been more marked) than that bestowed on Mendelssohn's *Otello* at the previous concert. The great length of the work became altogether forgotten under the spell of such faultless execution; and at the conclusion of the *finale* the general feeling appeared to be one of regret that no more was to come. The Prelude and fugue in G Minor of John Sebastian Bach—one of Herr Joachim's two demigods, Beethoven being the other—was, perhaps, however, the most surprising exhibition of the evening. With what indomitable spirit and unerring skill the Hungarian violinist gives these truly marvellous solos—in difficulty unparalleled, as they are unrivalled for elaborate contrivance—our musical readers are aware; but on the present occasion he fairly outdid his previous achievements. The enthusiasm with which he threw himself into his task was quickly imparted to the audience, who, at the end of his performance, with one voice recalled him to the platform. There was no resisting the unanimously expressed desire to hear the Fugue again; and so, to the manifest delight of all present, Herr Joachim complied. We never remember him "in finer play." The other performers in Haydn's quartet were M. Pollitzer (Herr Joachim's associate as leader of the second part in Spohr's more trying composition), M. H. Webb and Signor Piatti, "the incomparable," and to these, in the double-quartet, were added Messrs. Watson, Wiener, Hann, and Paque—all practised adepts in "quartet."

The pianoforte sonata, in the absence of M. Charles Halle, was entrusted to Mr. Lindsay Sloper, whose sterling qualities as a classical player have been more than once advantageously exhibited at these concerts, and than whom a more efficient substitute for the popular German pianist could hardly have been chosen. Mr. Sloper played the beautiful sonata, Op. 90, dedicated by Beethoven to his friend and patron, Count Moritz Lichnowski, and Hummel's brilliant trio, Op. 93 (in E flat), in which his partners were Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. The singers were Miss Banks, who was more thoroughly at home in the plaintive romance of Glinka (repeated "by desire," and encored), than in the well-known heretofore of Schubert; and Mr. Henry Haigh, who gave songs from *Fra Diavolo* and *The Lily of Killarney*, the former encored, notwithstanding an opposition, the strenuous expression of which should, we think, have precluded its repetition. Mr. Harold Thomas (Mr. Benedict still being abroad) was the accompanist, and performed his duties in a thoroughly musician-like manner. At the next concert the principal feature is to be Hummel's celebrated septet for pianoforte, wind, and stringed instruments—pianist, Mr. Hallé.—*Times*, Oct. 25.

Although the instrumental programme did not present any novelty, it was in no way inferior to any of its predecessors. The Octet of Mendelssohn, Spohr's Double Quartet, and Hummel's Septet, each of which has in its turn formed a distinctive feature, could not possibly have been more worthily succeeded than by the Septet of Beethoven, in which the stringed instruments are so ingeniously blended with the wind. Such a performance of this masterpiece has rarely been given, and the earnest attention it commanded, the long continued applause which followed, to say nothing of the enthusiastic encore for the *scherzo*, spoke volumes for an audience whose taste the Monday Popular Concerts have done so much to cultivate. The performers were Messrs. Joachim, Webb, Lazarus, C. Harper, Hutchins

(bassoon), C. Severn (double bass) and Piatti.—Weber's quartet in B flat brought the concert to a successful close. Next Monday Mr. Sims Reeves makes his first appearance since the Gloucester Festival.—*Musical World*, Nov. 8.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's Mazurkas.

### Mendelssohn Quintette Club—First Subscription Concert.

These meritorious and well-known representatives of classical chamber music in our city opened their fourteenth season last Thursday evening, at Chickering's Hall. The weather was exceedingly unfavorable, and yet a large audience were in attendance. The Club is still composed as it was last year, of the following gentlemen: Messrs. WM. SCHULTZE, first violin, CARL MEISEL, second violin, ROBERT GOERING and THOMAS RYAN, tenors, and WULF FRIES, violoncello. It was good to see their pleasant faces, thus united, once more. This was their programme:

1. Quintet, in C, op. 29.....Beethoven  
Allegro moderato—Adagio molto espressivo—Scherzo. Allegro—Presto.
2. Trio, for Piano, Violin and Cello.....C. Jerome Hopkins  
Allegro moderato—Andante religioso—Scherzo—Allegro assai e Fughetta.  
Messrs. Hopkins, Schultze and Fries.
3. Dance Air, from the 16th Century,—transcribed for Violoncello, by.....Servais  
Wulf Fries.
4. Quartet, in A, op. 41, No. 3.....Schumann  
Andante espressivo and Allegro molto moderato—Assai agitato—Adagio molto—Finale, Allegro molto vivace.

The grand old Quintet of Beethoven, opening so rich and full in its calm strength, and developing so passionately, was the right sort of courtly, warm, familiar welcome back to halls of tuneful happiness long closed. It made us all at home on the old ground again at once. The Quintet has the right to be more dramatic and impassioned than the Quartet, which is the quintessence of the purely musical; because the fifth instrument naturally partakes to some extent of the character of a solo voice superadded to the four accompanying parts. This one is eminently dramatic in its Finale, with those fitful alternations of fiery, impatient Presto and half thoughtful, half jocose Andante. The whole work was finely played and found very few dull listeners.

The Trio and the whole appearance of Mr C JEROME HOPKINS was something quite anomalous and episodic in such a concert. This gentleman, the son of Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, has resided for the last ten years in New York and Brooklyn, (in which latter city he is now engaged as organist), having first forsaken the study of chemistry for ardent amateurship in music, which has for some time engrossed him wholly and professionally. He certainly seems to have been possessed by strong musical impulses and a singular ambition to try his hand in all spheres of vocal and instrumental composition, as well as interpretative execution on the piano-forte and organ. We should judge that he had had more of impulse than of clear and positive direction; had begun with flying confidently at all kinds of game, making everybody his teacher, emulating every model, starting off eagerly upon the track of every chance idea (frequently perhaps only a remembered one) unknowing whither it might lead, and in the excitement of such con-



tinual activity too easily self-pleased to doubt that such random plunges must mean genius. Quite different from the ordinary offensive vanity is the singular naiveté with which such a young man, (who, though he has studied much, can hardly be said to have the complete training with which musicians enter upon such formidable tasks in the old world), comes before the public with such an array of original compositions, both in the highest classical and in the merest virtuoso forms, as Mr. Hopkins has done during his first artistic visit here in Boston.

But our present business is with the Trio, the most formidable of these works, and certainly a most difficult task for any but a master musician to undertake. For how many good Trios (for piano, violin and 'cello) does the whole musical literature contain? The few by Haydn and Mozart, models of course in style and form, are pretty much forgotten; while those of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, with a few of Schubert, Schumann(?) and two or three others, constitute about the whole repertoire which artists and publics really find interesting. For a young American, beginning as an amateur, (Mr. H. wrote his Trio five or six years ago), to succeed greatly in it would indeed be a wonder. We must confess we listened to the greater part of it with interest; we thought there were indications of talent, but scattering and fitful; suggestions of ideas which promised well, but soon ran wild and became dissipated into virtuoso passage music, where display of mere pianism became the main thing. Although nominally, and to some extent really, adhering to the classical form of the four movements, it seemed yet as a whole formless. The Allegro (first) was the most consistent movement, and flowed freely, boldly, with considerable effect; yet there was lack of symmetry. The opening of the Adagio was impressive and somewhat original, but soon it seemed to wander from its text. The Scherzo is bright, lively, with a graceful minor tune for the Trio, of a rather commonplace old *Volkslied* character. The Finale contains a Fughetto in three parts, which the theme is quite pointed and attractive, which goes on interestingly, but soon lands you in one of those modern piano fantasia conclusions which the finger virtuosos tack on equally upon all sorts of pieces. On the whole, then, there seemed to be flushes of talent; a good deal of industrious study; impressibility to various reigning models showing itself in unconscious imitations and reflections; a something all the time to pique curiosity as to what was coming next; but at the same time a strange deal of incoherence. As a pianist Mr. Hopkins showed a singularly hard, unsympathetic touch, perhaps to be explained by nervousness, with an uncommon degree of brilliant execution. He was applauded after every movement, particularly the Adagio.

Mr. WULF FRIES sang the old Dance Air on his violoncello with his usual warmth and beauty of expression.

But the great point of interest in this concert was the indeed wonderful Quartet by Schumann. It is a work of extreme difficulty, and the clear manner in which it was brought out (for the first time, if we mistake not) was a triumph for the Club. To say that it was original, profound, imaginative, full of soul and feeling, a most exciting work to listen to, unless one's musical pre-

judices or want of culture be such as to make him deaf to it, is not to give a very clear idea of it. Yet this is all we will say now, not being at all prepared to enter into a description of it, meanwhile reminding the Quintette Club that one performance of such a work entails it upon them as a duty, both to author, public and themselves, to give us several hearings, and that too before we lose the first impression.

**SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—Under this title the Mendelssohn Quintette Club commenced last Saturday evening another series of those miscellaneous *twenty-five cent* concerts, which they initiated two years ago. The title seems to have been suggested by the "Monday Popular Concerts" in London; but the agreement is more in name and price than in the idea; for whereas the St. James's Hall Concerts have aimed, most successfully, to make purely classical music popular, these at the Melodeon aim at the popular in the first place, working in only enough of the classical to save the programme from emptiness in the eyes of those who seek in music something more than mere amusement. The night was stormy and the Melodeon only half filled; still this made a goodly number, and the entertainment seemed to be greatly relished. The programme was as follows:

1. Overture—to the "Poet and Peasant"....F. von Suppe
2. Flute Solo—"Souvenir de Paris".....Heinemeyer  
Robert Goering,
3. Cavatina—"Ah! con lui," from Saffo.....Pacini  
Mrs. J. M. Motte.
4. Octet, in F. Op. 68.....Franz Schubert  
For 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Bass, Clarinet,  
Horn and Bassoon.  
Introduction and Allegro—Andante—Scherzo, Allegro,  
Vivace—Finale, Andante and Allegro.
5. Violin Solo—Fantasie on Themes from "Masaniello".....Alard  
Carl Meisel.
6. Solo on the Saxophone—Rhode's Air, with variations  
Thomas Ryan.
7. Song—"Ye Merry Birds," with Flute Obligato.....  
F. Gumbert.  
Mrs. J. M. Motte.
8. Polonaise, Chorus and Air—from "The North Star,"  
Meyerbeer

Of course the notable selection in the list, outweighing all the others, was the Octet of Schubert, which made so fine an impression among real music-lovers here two years ago; these have a right to feel the more confirmed in their impression, when they find a newspaper "critic," who seems to pique himself on systematically decrying all good things in music, however great the master (so much the greater the critic's independence!), dismissing it with these words: "Schubert's Octet, which formed the staple of the concert, is a tedious and unmeaning composition, and, like nearly all of his concerted pieces, fully claims the distinction of 'broken crockery' music." That critic did not need a Gottschalk to make "conquest" of him. But it is enough to say that the Octet, in wealth and beauty of melody and harmony, in the constant upspringing of original ideas all tending in a consistent current to a unity of purpose, in wonderful power of instrumentation, coming nearer than any man to Beethoven, is worthy of Schubert, and so we think most people felt it.

The Overture by Suppe, written we should suppose for some light little opera, is pleasing, if not strikingly original. The Flute Solo discoursed an interminable deal of nothing, not a small part of which was solemn, as is the wont of these labored variation pieces; but it served to display such featness in execution as delights and astonishes many young people. Mr. MEISEL, in his modest, artist-like way, rendered his violin solo very gracefully and nicely. The new instrument of the Sax family, which Mr. RYAN modulated so nimbly, making it play Rode's violin variations, has a brass body with a bell ter-

mination and is blown into by a reed; its tone is a cross between the clarinet and the round, voluminous brass horn or tuba tone. Mrs. MOTTE was in good voice, and gave us some good honest genuine singing. The bird song, with flute *obbligato*, just suited her serious mezzo soprano quality.

The second "Saturday Popular" takes place this evening; the programme we have not seen, but wish the Octet might be repeated.

**ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.**—We are sorry to learn that the subscription for Mr. ZERRAHN'S "Philharmonic Concerts" falls so far short, that it is doubtful whether he can commence them next Saturday, as he had so confidently expected, or even at all this winter. We trust however that this simple mention will induce music-loving people to put down their names, and save themselves from so great and so extraordinary a privation.

But the Wednesday Afternoon Concerts, at all events, of the ORCHESTRAL UNION are a fixed fact, and are announced as actually to begin next Wednesday, at the Boston Music Hall.

The hurry of getting our paper to press a day earlier than usual, on account of Thanksgiving, postpones our notice of several things; among others two Private Soirées, one for the Piano, one for the Organ, given this week by Mr. C. JEROME HOPKINS, in which he has treated large invited audiences to a great variety of his own compositions as well as works by Sebastian Bach.

### M. Fétis on the Steinway Pianos—A Correction.

In the interesting articles (which we translated some time since) by M. Fétis on the musical instruments at the International Exhibition, it will be remembered that he spoke in high praise of the only American piano-fortes exhibited, those of Messrs. Steinway & Sons, of New York; and also that he wound up by expressing his fears as to their capacity of standing in tune, owing to the fact that he always found a person early in the morning amusing himself with tuning them.

Having translated to what appeared to be the end of his remarks on the Pianos, and not thinking his review of other instruments of equal interest to our readers, we overlooked a passage in a later letter (Sept. 28), in the same Journal (*Revue et Gazette Musicale*), in which M. Fétis dismisses all his doubts upon the point in question. There he says:

"I owe it to myself to declare now, that these fears were unfounded. Many letters that I have received from some of my honorable colleagues of the Jury, and from distinguished professors of London, inform me that the disadvantageous conditions under which the instruments of Messrs Steinway & Sons are exhibited at the London Exhibition are the real cause of the observations I have made. In other words, the portion of the Exhibition where these pianos are placed is excessively humid; one of the principal entrances to the building, constantly open, causes a draught of air highly pernicious to race through it; moreover the lively sensation that was created by the brilliant and sympathetic sonority of these instruments was the cause of their being played upon, or rather banged by all sorts of hands from ten in the morning until six at night. Placed in their normal conditions, say my correspondents, to whom I accord my entire confidence, the instruments of Messrs. Steinway preserve perfectly their tune, and their strength leaves nothing to be desired. I would not that the doubt expressed in my letter, should conflict with the interest of these intelligent manufacturers, and I do not hesitate to publish the explanations that have been furnished me on the subject by gentlemen who are both capable and disinterested."



## Musical Correspondence.

[The following letter arrived just too late for last week's paper].

NEW YORK, Nov. 19. — "Fidelio" and the "Magic Flute" have been the re-productions of the past two weeks at the German Opera. With all our admiration for the music, we found it difficult to enjoy Mozart's celebrated work. Surely, he was wanting in the respect he owed to his own genius, he carried complaisance too far, when he accepted such a foolish libretto!

Still deeply moved, still freshly impressed by a hearing of Beethoven's wonderful "Fidelio," it will be difficult for us to convey an idea of the beauty of this sublime creation to those who have not heard it; and those who have, know how ineffectual is the power of words to express the influence and effect of such music. We had never heard the opera before; a dear mother had cautioned us against first hearing any careless rendition of "Fidelio," and rendered our fancy difficult to please, by her description of Schröder-Devrient's great power in isolated points, and Malibran's more womanly and heart-rending pathos in the whole part of Leonora. Our acquaintance with "Fidelio" had been confined to the score, the biographers, and those extracts, few and far between, which are to be heard at concerts. After even this familiarity, the hearing of the whole was a species of surprise, and it is something to thank God for, when one has heard, and is able in part to comprehend, such music. In this ideal work we breathe a pure atmosphere, we hear the natural language of lofty, noble souls; there is surely no opera in existence that more fully expresses the feeling of the characters, than this; it takes both judgment and imagination captive. From first to last, here is no patchwork, no filling in; the interest never flags; impassioned vocal accents, profound instrumentation, warm, living feeling, render this admirable creation almost painfully beautiful. Even the weakness of the opera (the too great elevation of character in some of the music belonging to the subordinate parts) seems to proceed from the unwillingness which the great Beethoven must have felt in descending from the heroic height of Leonora's womanly devotion, to the common-place level of Marcellina's improbable love for the supposed Fidelio, Jaquino's stupid importunity, and the every-day prudence and servile obedience of Rocco.

On the whole the opera was effectively given, the chorus augmented by the addition of several members of the Arion Society; the work was divided into three acts; the orchestra first played the Fidelio overture; between the first and second acts, the original one; and before the last, the "Leonore" overture, No. 3. It was a happy idea to give these on the same evening; all honor to Mr. ANSCHUTZ's directorial energy! he is doing that very uncommon thing among managers, — keeping his word as to the continual and careful production of fine works. Crowded houses have received "Fidelio" with emotion and enthusiasm; it has rained bouquets (deserved, but out of place except between the acts), and encores and recalls have been attempted or effected after each act, and almost every number.

As Leonora, Mme. JOHANNSEN appeared to more advantage than on any occasion during the present season. Her vocal means were not always sufficient to fulfil the demands of the music, but her earnest and intelligent acting was more than satisfactory, especially in the terrible dungeon scene, which, with the prisoners' chorus (*O welch Lust!*) we might call Danteque, but that Beethoven has a depth of human feeling, such as never warmed the heart of the grim Florentine. Mr. LOTTI in the part of Florestan, showed improvement.

Lortzing's "Wildschütz," Auber's "Mason and Locksmith," and Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle," are the next novelties to come.

As to the Italian opera, we have no report to give from personal audition. We have heard "Norma," "Lucrezia," "La figlia," "Trovatore," and "Traviata" played, sung, screamed, hummed and drummed, almost ever since we have inhabited this sublunary sphere; nor do we care to hear them often again, save when executed by an unexceptionable company. People praise GUERRABELLA's beauty, and *tact* as a singer, LORINI's intelligence, and the voice of Signorina MORENSI, alias Mlle. Montmorency, alias — Miss Kate Duckworth. The first novelty of the season, "Le pardon de Ploemel" is announced for Mlle. CORDIER's début next Monday night.

The German Liederkranz Society gave their first of four subscription concerts on the evening of Nov. 13th. The programme was not happily selected, and was, with few exceptions, fatiguing. Gade's "Michel-Angelo" overture opened the proceedings; it is interesting, sonorously instrumented, mannered, characteristic of the composer, uncharacteristic of the subject. Lobe's overture "Reisestück," Hiller's "Song of the Spirits," Vinz. Lachner's "Hymn to music," and Fr. Lachner's "Sturmes Mythe," are well made works, devoid of the divine fire. Mr. BRUNO WOLLENHAUPT played Mendelssohn's exquisite violin concerto, which Mr. Mollenhauer gave us so recently at the first Philharmonic concert. The comparison was not in favor of Mr. Wollenhaupt, who was more happy, however, in his execution of Vieuxtemps' "Fantasie Caprice." Madame ROTTER sang Schubert's "Ave Maria," and the solo part in Mendelssohn's "Loreley" finale; she is less successful as a concert singer, than as the soubrette of the German opera, where her sprightly acting has so enlivening an effect. The "Loreley" finale was the feature of the concert, but so soon after hearing the impassioned "Fidelio" we were not in a mood to appreciate Mendelssohn's cold finish as it deserved to be enjoyed.

The first Philharmonic Rehearsal for the second concert will take place on Saturday next.

ORFEO.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 22. — We are promised, for this winter, two series of Chamber Concerts, Mr. WOLFSOHN, (formerly of the classical firms, Wolfsohn and Hohnstock and Wolfsohn and Thomas) announces six soirées. His programme comprises numerous compositions that are entirely new to Philadelphia audiences. I refer to the works for Piano and wind instruments by Onslow & Spöhr, the trio for piano, clarinet and viola, by Mozart, Schumann's *Fantasie Stücke* for piano and clarinet, and for piano, clarinet and violoncello, Gounod's *Meditation* for piano and two violoncellos, &c. Mr. Wolfsohn's enthusiasm for his art is such that he would carry out his ideas of what is due to it at even pecuniary sacrifices. He, for that reason, the more deserves a continuance of the success that has heretofore attended his exertions.

Messrs. M. H. CROSS and C. H. JARVIS promise us four soirées. The programme of the first is published, accompanied by a prefatory prospectus or circular, the elegant diction of which betrays its author, our old friend, Professor V. Gates. Messrs. C. and J. have engaged Mr. GAERTNER, undoubtedly our best quartet violinist, and other able assistants. From present indications both series will be well attended.

The Germania public rehearsals are to commence next Saturday.

A Mr. HARTMAN gave a piano matinée at Steinway's rooms on Wednesday last. His playing was to the satisfaction of those who heard him. It is his intention, I believe, to remain in Philadelphia.

CHANTERELLE.

## Special Notices.

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Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

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The Spirit of Light. Song. M. W. Balfé. 25

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Fairy dreams. Duet. S. Glover. 35

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A fine poem, translated from the German of Salis by Longfellow, and set to music for solo and chorus. Well adapted for singing societies. Not difficult, yet effective.

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#### Books.

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL CLASS BOOK. Designed for female Colleges, Institutes, Seminaries, and Normal and High Schools. Containing Elementary Instructions, Vocal Exercises and Solfeggios, and a valuable Collection of Duets, Trios, and Concerted pieces. By T. Bissell. 50

Among the numerous works of the kind this new candidate for popular favor cannot fail of a prominence, since its peculiar features are such as will commend it at once to the patronage of those for whom it is chiefly intended. Its rudimental lessons proceed with a regularity of precision that cannot fail to fix permanently on the mind of the pupil the essentials of success in future studies,—the exercises are in a form to attract the attention, and the selection of music is one of the best if not the superior of all similar collections. Principals of Educational Institutions, music teachers, and others interested in books of this class will find it advantageous to examine this volume.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

